Petru. & quilt, Maria,
this is a fearefull course you take, pray thinke on't.
you are a woman now, a wife, and his
that must in honestie, looke for
some due obedience from you.

Mari. That bare word
shall cost you manie a pound more, build vpon't.
tell me of due obedience; what's a husband
what are we maried for, to carrie sumpters?
are we not one peece with you, and as worthie
our owne intentions, as you yours?

Petr. Pray heare me,

Mari. Take two small drops of water, equall way'd,
tell me which is the heauiest, and which ought
first to descend in dutie.

Petru. You mistake me,
I vrge not seruice from you, nor obedience
in way of duty, but of loue and credit,
all I expect is but a noble care
of what I haue brought you, and of what I am,
and what our name may be.

Maria. That's in my making.

Petru. 'Tis true, it is so.

Mari. Yes it is, Petruchio,
for there was neuer man without our molding,
without our stampe vpon him, and our Iustice
left anie thing three ages after him
good, and his owne.

Sopho. Good lady onderstand him.

Mari. I doe to much, good Sophocles, hee's one
of a most spightfull self condition,

neuer at

neuer at peace with anie thing, but age
that has no teeth left to returne his anger:
a brauery dwels in his blood yet, of abusing
his first good wife; hee's sooner fire then powder,
and sooner mischiefe.

Petru. If I be so suddaine
doe not you feare me?

Mar. No, nor yet care for you,
and if it may be lawfull, I defie you.

Petr. Do's this become you now?

Mar. It shall become me.

Petru. Thou disobedient, weake, vaine glorious woman,
were I but halfe so willfull, as thou spightfull,
I should now drag thee to thy dutie.

Mari. Drag me?

Petru. But I am friend againe, take all yor pleasure.

Mari. Now you perceiue him, Sophocles.

Petru. I loue thee
aboue thy vanitie, thou faithles creature.

Mari. Would I had been so happie when I maried
but to haue met an honest man like thee,
for I am sure thou art good, I know thou art honest,
a handsome hurtles man, a louing man,
though neu'r a pennie with him; and those eyes,
that face, and that true heart: weare this for my sake,
and when thou thinkst vpon me, pittie me,
I am cast away. *Exit Maria.*

Soph. Why how now man?

Petruc. Pray leaue me,
and follow your aduices.

Soph. The man's Ieatous.

Pet. I